THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

NOVEMBER, 1807.

LADY CHARLOTTE FINCH.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

THE subject of the present sketch would afford a fine scope to the talents of a skilful biographer; and much we lament that the limits of our work will allow us to present our readers with little more than the outline of a life which has been constantly devoted to the cause of virtue, and to the promotion of her interests.

Lady Charlotte Finch is second daughter of Thomas, the first Earl Pomfret, and of Henrietta Louisa, daughter of John, Lord Jefferies. Her maiden name was Fermor. She was born February 16, 1725. In her 22d year she married the Right Honourable William Finch, brother to Daniel, the late Earl of Winchelsea, in August, 1746. By him she has had the present Earl, who seems to have inherited from his mother the anxious wish of promoting the welfare of those entrusted to his protection, as his unceasing attention to the interests of his tenants, and his unremitting zeal to "better the condition of the poor," in general sufficiently evince. Of this disposition the records of the Society instituted for the above laudable purpose, bear ample testimony. His lordship was born November 4, 1751. Her

other children were a daughter, who died young, and another daughter, Sophia, who married the Honourable Charles Fielding, nephew to the late Earl of Denbigh.

On the death of her husband, in 1766, Lady Charlotte Finch was not left in those circumstances which her birth demanded, and her virtues deserved. Her Majesty, ever anxious to patronize merit, and duly appreciating the inestimable advantages which would accrue to her rising family from the instructions of a tutoress so well qualified to train them in the path of virtue, with much delicacy offered to her the appointment of governess to the royal children. How satisfactorily she fulfilled the important duties of that station let the approbation of their Majesties, the admiration of the nation, and the gratitude and example of her pupils declare. With confidence can we claim for the princesses of Great Britain a superiority over those of every other court, more particularly in the solid and substantial accomplishments of the mind, in veneration for religion, courtesy of demeanor, and propriety of conduct, as well as in the lighter acquisitions which are reckoned the ornaments of a polished and liberal education. Nor are they by any means insensible to whom, under the blessing of Providence, they are indebted for this superiority. They frequently visit their venerable preceptor at her apartments in St. James's Palace, and endeavour, by their attention, to lighten the burthen of declining years.

Lady Charlotte Finch, now in her eighty-third year, enjoys the highest satisfaction which is allowed to mankind in this sublunary sphere; the reflection on a well spent life, and the grateful pleasure of finding her care well bestowed, and amply repaid by the gratitude and affection of those to whom it was given, and the soothing assurance of her own conscience that the high esteem in which she is held by all who know her is not undeserved.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. CX.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM a widow, with a large independent fortune, which I am anxious to expend in an useful and creditable manner.

During the life of my late dear husband I resided chiefly in town; but being brought up in the country, and having a good house near my native village, I wish to return thither, and to seek amusement in rural improvements and in acts of beneficence and humanity.

My grounds and gardens, my library and domestic concerns will help to keep off *ennui;* but I must have some pursuit to draw me from myself, and engage my attention when other objects tire. I therefore think, as the village near which I reside is pretty large, of selecting about a dozen girls from the families of the cottagers, and forming them into a party under a school-mistress of my own appointment. To furnish them with board and clothing suited to their circumstances, of course enters into my charitable design; but I have some doubts how far my system of education should be carried; at what ages my pupils, for I call them so, as it would be my pleasure to superintend the school, ought to be admitted and discharged, and what kind of work they should be taught, in order that they might be qualified to get their living in the world, after arriving at years of discretion.

Will you have the goodness to advise me on this subject? my sole wish being to do good. I have no vain opinion of my own judgment, and I shall be happy to receive hints from a person of your experience, for the regulation of my conduct in an affair from which I hope to derive much conscious satisfaction, and some personal gratification.

I am, &c.

CAROLINE HELPFUL.

I thank my amiable correspondent for the compliment she pays me, and shall avail myself of her invitation, to speak my sentiments on the subject of private charity schools, whether for education or working, or both united, as they ever ought to be. I have long attended to this species of benevolence from the rich to the poor, and have often been sorry to find that the means and the end so ill correspond. No doubt it is incumbent on those who are blessed with affluence or knowledge, to impart some of their abundance

to those who are in need, and to communicate instruction to the ignorant; but the mode in which this is done will render it either a blessing or a curse to the objects of their beneficence.

I have frequently observed the ill consequences resulting from misapplied or injudicious bounty, and I am happy to embrace the opportunity thus offered me of lifting my warning voice against some practices, which, as they arise from the most praise-worthy motives, deserve to be treated with tenderness. I know a lady of the most benevolent disposition, who established a reading and working school in her neighbourhood, and who bestowed many hours in superintending it; and when she had expended considerable sums of money, and taken infinite pains, had the mortification to find that she had rendered several individuals miserable, and deprived the community of useful servants.

But this requires explanation, and it is my duty to give it. The lady in question, as my correspondent would probably do, went round the cottages in her village, and when she saw a girl in the family who was more pretty or more sprightly than the rest, she immediately selected her, and after giving her a decent uniform dress, told her parents that she was to be admitted into her school, where she might remain till she was sixteen years of age. About twenty, under similar circumstances were received into the same seminary: the neighbourhood rang with applauses of the lady's goodness, and really as far as intention went, she deserved it. But mark the result. Jealousy was introduced into families. The sisters, who were not noticed by the patroness, grew spiteful against the *fortunate* object of her attention; and *miss*, as she was now called by way of derision, gave herself airs, and presuming on favour, thought herself too good for a menial servant, she aspired to be a waiting-maid, though a little consideration would have shewn her, that all could not rise to that *distinction*. Needle-work and a little housewifery were indeed taught in this charitable institution by the good old matron who presided over it; but when the time was expired that the pupils were to remain, and they were successively to get into service, and others to take their place, it was discovered that few were willing to receive such smart *misses* into their kitchens, and indeed it was found

that they were ill qualified for the lower domestic offices, and felt themselves degraded by being put to them.

The lady, to whose mistaken bounty I have been alluding, now saw her error, but she knew not how to rectify it, and diverting her charity into other channels, suffered her school to drop, which, had it been established on proper principles, might have been a blessing to the neighbouring poor, and the means of making many happy.

To my correspondent, as well as to others disposed to establish schools, I would recommend the following plan.

Allow no uniform, nor make any distinction in dress between the immediate members of your school, and the rest of the family. It may gratify vanity, to see a number of young girls clad by your bounty, attending divine service at church; but believe me it fosters vanity in others, which may possibly tend to their ruin. Insist on it, that all shall appear clean and decent; contribute, if you can afford it, to the clothing of a poor family, but give nothing to one child in preference to another, unless you mean to take her entirely under your protection. Appoint a proper schoolmistress, who has been an housekeeper, and who can teach prudence and economy to her pupils, and who, above all things, has a due sense of religion, and is a foe to idleness. Go round your neighbourhood as far as you wish your bounty to reach, take the number of poor girls in every house, who are of a proper age to be put under the care of your governess, and let them attend week by week in rotation, so as constantly to keep up the number you desire. Let no one be more than twelve months, or two years at most, taking the times they attend collectively, in your school; for reading, catechising, working, and a knowledge of domestic affairs, ought to limit their acquirements.

By these means you will benefit numbers, and prevent every ill effect which is the natural consequence of exclusive favor. The child whose week it is to be at school, will forward her who remains at home. They will feel a wish to excel; and as they grow up, they will be able, perhaps, to communicate the rudiments of learning to their younger brothers. Favoritism will thus be excluded, jealousy removed, utility, public and private, consulted; and the same expense will produce tenfold profit to the community, and

the highest degree of satisfaction to the charitable themselves.

The same principles may be applied to boys' schools. A religious and useful education cannot be too generally diffused; but except where there are traits of extraordinary genius, I am no friend to any thing that comes under the name of literary acquirements, among those who are born to fill up the humble walks of life. All cannot rise to fortune and distinction; but all are valuable, if they are qualified to fill up the stations allotted them with fidelity and propriety.

I trust my charitably disposed correspondent will take my strictures in good part, and that she, as well as others who entertain the same benevolent designs, will derive some *materials* for *thinking* from my suggestions.

TO THE "OLD WOMAN."

MADAM,

THE general idea that novels ought to be entirely excluded from a juvenile library, appears to me so erroneous, that I am going to take the liberty of offering to you a few observations on the propriety of occasionally introducing them to the perusal and notice of the rising generation; and though I would by no means recommend an indiscriminate admittance of that fascinating kind of reading, I have no hesitation in asserting, that many of them contain sentiments well calculated for the improvement of every youthful mind. The mode of reading appears to me as necessary to be attended to, as the books themselves; for in novels particularly, the interest excited by the tale, induces the young reader generally to pass over *slightly* (and too often *entirely*) every sentiment and observation that interferes with the thread of the narrative; by which means the parts that are most instructive, and ought to claim the greatest attention, are hurried over unperceived. Another general idea is, that it is absolutely impossible for those interested in a novel, once to close the book till they have finished (or, perhaps, more properly speaking, *devoured*) it; this is a mode of reading, which it appears extraordinary any person of sense should

be induced to pursue, as a moment's reflection must represent it to be both childish and ridiculous, as at the conclusion the mind feels fatigued, rather than gratified, and instead of pleasure, succeeds disappointment. If those who are accustomed to such a way of reading, would exert sufficient self command, to confine the gratification of their impatient curiosity till a stated time, they would, I am persuaded, pronounce this rational plan, far preferable to the mode I have been condemning. One of the greatest objections, perhaps, to indulging young persons with novels is, that it is apt to destroy their relish for any other books more serious or instructive, in which case this kind of reading ought certainly to be restrained, if not entirely prohibited. Prohibition, however, I believe, is generally allowed to have the effect of making those restricted, doubly eager for the possession of what has been denied them, and consequently the best mode of proceeding is, occasionally to *allow* young people that privilege, for if in their early years they are entirely debarred from it, as soon as the restraint is removed, it may be frequently observed, that they indulge their inclination much more immoderately, than they would probably have done, had they, when under controul, been sometimes permitted the gratification of it. Those engaged in the selection of books for young persons, cannot however be too careful in the examination of novels, as the worst principles may sometimes be discovered concealed in a most dangerous and artful manner; though, on the other hand, I scruple not to assert, that the finest lessons for the improvement of every virtue, both moral and religious, are very frequently to be found in them.

Upon the whole I think it may be allowed, that there is no one kind of reading whatever, that it would be proper entirely to adhere to, but that perusing a variety of books is the surest way of furnishing the mind with just ideas, and disposing it for the acquirement of knowledge; and that from the occasional perusal of novels judiciously selected, instruction, as well as amusement, may be afforded to every youthful reader.

Should these observations, madam, so far accord with your sentiments, as to induce you to favour them with publi-

cation, I shall consider myself most highly honoured by your notice, and in that hope I shall subscribe myself,

Your constant admirer,

E——A.

September 29, 1807.

LE MELANGE.

NO. XV.

Remarkable instance of Affection in an Arabian to his Horse,

As related by the French Consul D'Hervieux, in his journey to Mount Lebanon.

"THE whole stock of an Arabian of the desert consisted of a most beautiful mare. The French consul at Said offered to purchase her, with an intention of sending her to his master, Louis XIV. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time; but at length, consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum of money, which he named. The consul not daring, without instructions, to give so high a price, wrote to Versailles for permission to close the bargain on the terms stipulated. Louis XIV. gave orders to pay the money. The consul immediately sent notice to the Arab, who soon after made his appearance, mounted on his magnificent courser, and the gold he demanded was placed before him. The Arab, covered with miserable rags, dismounted, and looks at the money; then turning his eyes to the mare, he sighs, and thus accosts her. 'To whom am I going to yield thee? to Europeans, who will tie thee up; who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable! return with me, my beauty, my darling, my jewel! return with me and rejoice the hearts of my children!' as he pronounced these words, he sprang upon her back, and galloped off towards the desert."

The Advantage of Industry.

A GENTLEMAN in Surry had lands worth two hundred pounds per annum, which he kept in his own hands; but running out every year, he was necessitated to sell half to

pay his debts, and let the rest to a farmer for one-and-twenty years. Before that term was expired, the farmer one day, bringing his rent, asked him if he would sell his land? "Why," said he, "will you buy it?" "If it please you," saith the farmer. "How?" said he, "that's strange: tell me how this comes to pass, that I could not live upon twice as much land, being my own, and you upon one half thereof, though you have paid rent for it, are able to buy it?" "Oh," saith the farmer, "but two words made the difference; you said Go, and I said Come." "What's the meaning of that?" said the gentleman. "You lay in bed," replied the farmer, "or took your pleasure, and sent others about your business; and I rose betimes, and saw my business done myself."

The Reverie, a Sonnet.

Lost in calm consciousness and vacant ease,
I love, at this cool hour of eve, to rove
With saunt'ring step, along the twilight grove;
Or lie reclin'd beneath the whisp'ring trees,
And listen to the sighing of the breeze,
And ev'ry sound that floats upon the gale;
The sheep-bell tinkling down the distant vale,
The steeple's chime, and mingling soft with these,
The dashing murmur of th' unquiet flood,
And all the dying music of the wood.
Then, o'er the memory of former days,
Or thro' the future, free and unconfin'd,
Placid and gratified, fond fancy strays,
And leads thro' airy haunts the captive mind.

It was formerly the practice, among young men of fashion, that when a gentleman drank a lady's health as a toast, by way of doing her still more honour, he frequently threw some part of his dress into the fire, in which proof of veneration his companions were by *etiquette* obliged to follow him, by consuming the same article, whatever it might be. One day Sir C. S. being at a tavern with some friends, after dinner a gentleman observing that he had on a very rich lace cravat, when he named his toast, made a sacrifice of his own cravat, and Sir Charles and all the rest of the company were obliged to follow his example. Sir Charles

bore his loss with great composure, observing, that it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a frolic some other time. On a subsequent day, the same party being assembled, Sir Charles, when he had drunk a bumper to the health of some beauty of the day, called the waiter, and ordering in a dentist, whom he had previously stationed for that purpose, made him draw his decayed tooth, which had long plagued him. The rules of good-fellowship demanded that each of the company should also lose a tooth, but they hoped that he would not be so unmerciful as rigidly to enforce the law. Their remonstrances however were in vain, and each of his companions successively was obliged to put himself under the hands of the operator, and while they were writhing with pain, Sir Charles kept exclaiming, "Patience, gentlemen, patience! you know I promised you I should have my frolic."

Singular Anecdote,

From Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, shewing the wonderful Powers of Fancy in Melancholy Minds.

A COMPANY of young men at Agrigentum, in Sicily, came into a tavern; where, after they had freely taken their liquor, whether it were the wine itself, or something mixed with it, it is not yet known; but upon a sudden they began to be so troubled in their brains, and their fancies so crazed, that they thought they were in a ship at sea, and ready to be cast away by reason of a tempest; therefore, to avoid shipwreck and present drowning, they flung all the goods in the house out at the window, into the street, or into the sea, as they supposed. Thus they continued mad a pretty season, and being brought before the magistrates to give an account of this their frolic, they told him (not yet recovered of the madness) that what was done, they did in fear of death, and to avoid imminent danger. The spectators were all amazed at this their stupidity, while one of the company, in a grave tone, excused himself to the magistrates upon his knees, and "assured their deities that he was in the bottom of the ship all the time." Another besought them, as so many sea gods, "to be kind to them, and if ever he and his companions came safe to land again, he would build an

altar to their service." The magistrate could not sufficiently laugh at this their madness, and bid them go home, and sleep it out.

From the above Author I also have the following.

IN the year 1550, an advocate of Paris fell into such a melancholy fit, that he verily believed he was dead. He could not be persuaded otherwise, or to eat or drink, until a kinsman of his, a scholar of Bourges, did eat and drink before him, dressed like a corpse.

There was also at Padua, a man who thought he was a cock, and would frequently clap his hands together and crow; another thought he was a glass pitcher, and would suffer no one to come near him. There was likewise a baker at Ferrara, who thought he was composed of butter, and therefore never ventured in the sun, or near a fire, for fear of being melted.

An Egyptian Anecdote,

Translated from the Persian.

ONE night the great Mosque in Egypt took fire, and was burned down. The Mussulmen suspecting the Christians had done it, set fire to their houses in retaliation. The sultan of Egypt seized those who had burned the houses of the Christians, and having collected them together into one place, ordered that as many tickets should be written as there were offenders. Upon some of these tickets were written, that they should be put to death; upon others, that they should have a hand cut off; and upon others, that they should be whipped; and these lots being thrown among them, each suffered according to his respective chance. A lot which inflicted death, fell upon a young man, who said, "It is not on my own account that I am afraid to suffer death, but I have a mother, who, excepting me, has no one to support and protect her." By the side of him stood another, whose ticket ordered him only a whipping, and he most heroically exchanged lots with him, saying, "*I* have no mother," and actually suffered death, while the other received the whipping.

(*Verse in the original.*)

Any man may be liberal with silver and gold,
But excellent is that man who can be bountiful with his life:
Who, when he knows that his friend can be benefited by his death,
Freely sacrifices his life to his service.

THE REPENTANT PRODIGAL;

OR, THE

ILL-FATED EDWARD P.

A TALE founded upon fact, and proving the Evils which arise from the relaxed System adopted by Masters towards the young Men who are placed under their Protection as Pupils or Clerks, in a Letter to the Editor, by the Father of the UNFORTUNATE EDWARD.

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH the misfortunes which peculiarly affect an individual, cannot equally touch those who are unacquainted with their weight, yet, as the wise disposer of all events, has implanted sympathetic emotions in the minds of his creatures, I flatter myself many of your readers will commiserate my fate, and deplore the existence of those evils to which I ascribe the loss of a beloved child.

Yet it is not merely, Sir, for the purpose of exciting sympathy that I address you; for though it may assuage for a moment, it cannot cure a mental disease; and I am induced to relate my tale of sorrow, from the hope that the recital of it may be beneficial to mankind. As human nature, Mr. Editor, is allowed to be liable to *imperfection*, we must expect to see a double portion of it attached to an early period of life, and many more allowances ought to be made for the failing of the *young* and *inexperienced*, than those who have reached manhood's improving years. The impetuous passions of youth will naturally obtain an ascendency over their judgment, unless restrained and controlled by some directing hand; and to the relaxed discipline of masters over their pupils or apprentices, do I attribute the decay of virtue, and the increase of vice.

It has been asserted, that an alteration takes place in every man's sentiments within the space of seven years; but

I will venture to assert, that a greater change has occurred in the manners of society within the last five-and-twenty than ever happened within a *century before*. The English merchant is no longer a man of business: it is true, a few hours in the day may be spent at his counting-house; but to reside upon the spot where that business is transacted, would be *degrading*, and therefore his family-mansion must be at the *west end* of the town. The humble mechanic, and the active tradesman, must likewise have their country seats, to which they retire every evening, leaving their apprentices at liberty to pursue what occupations they please.

To outvie each other in expensive pleasures, and to imitate the conduct of the *great*, appears to me to be an unfortunate mania which has seized the public mind. I believe, Mr. Editor, this is termed the *age of refinement*, and God knows, common sense seems to be refined and frittered away; for the love of show and parade so completely pervades all classes of society, that we can no longer discriminate a *nobleman* from his *taylor*, or a mistress from her maid. But as *facts* speak more forcibly than declamation, and as I wish the misfortunes under which I am labouring to prove beneficial to mankind, I shall give you a faithful statement of the source from whence they arise.

Allow me then, Mr. Editor, to inform you, that I am what the world denominates an *independent gentleman*, or, in other words, possess an estate of fifteen hundred a year. As this estate, however, is an *entailed one*, it of course devolves to my eldest son; it therefore became necessary that my younger ones should be placed in situations to shift for themselves. My second, a youth of peculiar engaging manners, and on that account universally beloved, at the age of sixteen expressed an inclination to be established in a mercantile house. This selection was no less pleasing to his mother than myself, as, for the two preceding years, we had been apprehensive of his going into a decline; and we knew his constitution was not calculated to bear exertion or fatigue. As, during the early part of my life, I had been in the habit of intimacy with a gentleman who then resided at Liverpool, (but who had entered into partnership with a near relation in town), I instantly resolved to place my son under his protection, having received the most decided

proofs of the goodness of his heart. In consequence of this determination, I renewed a correspondence, which different occupations alone had induced me to drop, and every thing was arranged between us which respected the future establishment of my son.

The intended protector of my Edward, (whom I shall distinguish by the name of *Norway*), upon quitting Liverpool, was a *plain*, though *gentleman-like man*, and whilst he attended to neatness in his appearance, was too much occupied by *business* to devote much time to dress. Judge then, Mr. Editor, of my astonishment upon my arrival at your gay metropolis, at perceiving this *man of business* converted into a *modern beau;* in short, so striking was the change in his manners, as well as appearance, that I could scarce recognize the friend of my youth. His house bore a greater resemblance to a palace, than the abode of a man in trade. And his wife!——but here curiosity must be suspended, as description I am persuaded must fail.

This accomplished fair one, whom I could not behold without astonishment, was one of the finest compositions the hand of *art* could frame; and what rendered her affected airs completely disgusting, she was one of the plainest women I had ever seen. Fortune, however, I understood, had compensated for the *want* of *personal* attractions; and though she had not *beauty*, she had *youth* on her side, as there must have been five-and-twenty years difference in the age of Mr. Norway and his wife.

It was impossible, Mr. Editor, for me to avoid drawing a comparison between my friend's *first* and *second wife;* and sincerely did I regret the death of an amiable woman, who I knew would have supplied the place of a *mother* to my *boy*. This regret was diminished by being informed by Mr. Norway, that not any of his clerks resided in his house, as the lady president was too much refined in her ideas to condescend to associate with the young men placed under her husband's care; and though by this unexpected civilization of manners a very heavy expence was incurred, yet I flattered myself with the hope of finding some worthy family with whom my son might board.

Having been informed that the curate of the parish received a few boarders, I waited upon him for the purpose

of securing a respectable asylum for my boy, who, at this period, had just entered his seventeenth year, and of course required a monitor to direct his conduct, as much as a master to instruct him in the line of business from which he was to derive a future support. In Mr. Babbington, (which was the name of this respectable clergyman), I found a man completely calculated for the important trust which I reposed. He had recently lost an only son about the age of my Edward, and he fancied he discovered a strong resemblance between the youths. This *real*, or *imaginary likeness*, was productive of a desirable effect, for it excited in the breast of the worthy pastor an interest beyond what he could otherwise have felt, and gave an affectionate solicitude to his manners, which could not fail making an impression upon an ingenuous mind.

I considered myself peculiarly fortunate in having unexpectedly insured such a protector for my son; for I easily discovered that Mr. Norway paid not the slightest attention to the morals of his clerks; all he required of them was a punctual attendance at the office, and when the hours devoted to business terminated, they were uncontrolled masters both of their *actions* and *time*.

Having paid the premium, and signed my son's indentures, I took leave of him with a *heavy heart;* a foreboding melancholy overwhelmed my spirits, for which I found it impossible to account, as I had never discovered the slightest propensity to vicious conduct in the mind of my boy. Mr. B—— and myself entered into a regular correspondence; and, during the space of six months, his letters afforded me inexpressible delight, which, Mr. Editor, you will easily imagine, when I tell you, they were filled with eulogiums of my son. At the expiration of this time our intercourse became less frequent, and instead of my son's *good conduct* becoming the subject of our correspondence, the worthy man's letters were chiefly filled with the common politics of the day, a circumstance which could not fail exciting apprehension in an anxious parent's mind, and I implored him to assign a reason for his alteration of style. With all the delicacy of genuine sympathy he then informed me, that the conduct of my son had undergone a total change, and instead of enjoying domestic society, they never even *saw him*

but at meals. To palliate as much as possible this dereliction from propriety, the worthy man drew a picture of the various temptations to which youth is exposed, where no restriction is laid upon the actions, and where he was led into the practice of vice by the example of the other clerks.

Parental fears augmented the danger to which I saw my Edward exposed; and in the fullness of my heart I dispatched a letter to Mr. Norway, accusing him of not doing justice to my son, and pointing out the duties of a master in the strongest terms. By the return of post I received an answer, condemning the conduct of Mr. Babbington as illiberal and severe, and assuring me that Edward was an actual pattern for all the young men under his care. He represented the worthy curate as a rank *methodist*, who viewed every little *recreation* as an *heinous crime*, and who rendered his house so completely disagreeable, that it was impossible for any young man to spend his time in it by choice; and he concluded the letter by recommending an immediate removal of my son. This fatal epistle was accompanied by a similar one from my boy, who described the rigid sanctity of Mr. Babbington's manners in the most pointed terms, and imploring me, if I valued his happiness, to consent to his boarding in a family with his fellow clerks.

That Mr. Babbington was rather rigid in his opinions, I had discovered during my short residence in town; yet a peculiar sweetness of temper had appeared to soften all his actions, and make him kindly overlook a fellow-creature's faults. Our acquaintance, however, had been short, and I might have mistaken his character. Affection prompted me to rely upon the assertions of my son; and my full heart was relieved by the idea that Mr. Babbington's accusations were false. I therefore wrote a polite, though distant style of letter, the purport of which was to say, that as Edward and he could not live upon amicable terms, I thought it would be for the accommodation of both parties that a separation should take place, and in a fatal moment consented to my son's boarding in the family Mr. Norway had named.

With shame, Mr. Editor, do I acknowledge my ingratitude to the only being who took the slightest interest in the fate of my deluded boy, and who, but for my own infatua-

tion, might probably have preserved both his honour and his life! Yet let me not anticipate the close of my melancholy narration, which I will endeavour to pursue in a methodical style, though the combined sensations of remorse and sorrow render it a painful task.

Allow me then to say, that from the earliest days of childhood, I endeavoured to impress a high *sense* of *honour* upon the minds of those to whom I had given *birth*, and taught them to consider few things so disgraceful as contracting debts beyond what their stated allowance could afford.

In consequence of my having inculcated this principle, my children naturally felt a repugnance to being in debt; and even the ill-fated victim of vicious example was long before he could be guilty of what he considered a disgrace. His drafts, however, at length became so frequent, that after finding *persuasion* and *remonstrance* vain, I forbade him drawing upon me for the space of three months.

A severe attack of the gout, united to the dangerous illness of a beloved daughter, prevented me from undertaking a journey to town, for the purpose of discovering in what manner my son contrived to spend such large sums. With Mr. Norway I occasionally corresponded. Eighteen months elapsed without my receiving the slightest intimation of the improper mode of conduct which the deluded boy pursued; but at the expiration of that period, I was shocked by a long catalogue of complaints. Though my dear girl was in a precarious situation, (for her complaint was of the consumptive kind), I threw myself into the mail, and arrived in London in less than eight and forty hours after I had received intelligence of Edward's vicious course of life. The first step I pursued was to call upon the worthy Mr. Babbington, who received me with all the warmth of an old friend, and endeavoured to prepare me for the alteration which I should perceive in the *personal appearance* of my *son*.

Though the constitution of my Edward was naturally delicate, yet the disease under which he had laboured during childhood was of the pulmonary kind; and his expressive countenance was suffused with such a lively tint of vermilion, that he appeared to enjoy the most perfect health. Prepared as I had been by the worthy curate, to behold a deplorable

change, yet never shall I forget the sensation which I experienced upon my first introduction to this deluded youth.

The purport of Mr. Norway's letter was not merely to make me acquainted with the *misconduct* of my Edward, but to inform me that his health was in so precarious a situation, as to require the benefit of his native air. To the residence he had chosen, I was directed by Mr. Babbington. The house was not only good, but large; yet every thing I saw proclaimed want of regularity; and the servant who opened the door was a moving lump of dirt. Upon enquiring for Mr. Edward P——, I was informed he was too *ill to see company;* but in an authoritative accent I desired to be conducted to his room. The girl instantly obeyed my mandate, and led the way up to the second floor, when, throwing open the door of a front chamber, she exclaimed—"This gentleman would insist upon seeing you, Sir, *dead* or *alive!*" The emaciated form of my beloved Edward presented itself, reclining in an easy chair, whilst a young woman stood over him, applying to his nostrils some volatile salts.

"My father!" he articulated in feeble accents. I fondly pressed him to my throbbing heart, whilst tears supplied the place of language, and evinced the anguish of my sensations more forcibly than words. The young woman, whom I had scarcely perceived upon my entrance, remained as it were transfixed to the spot: my eyes glanced over her *person*, which too fatally told a *melancholy truth*. A down cast eye notwithstanding convinced me that she was not totally lost to a *sense of shame*. I gave Edward a look, which he instantly comprehended, and turning towards the object of his illicit passion, in a whisper requested her to retire.

A groan of anguish burst from his labouring bosom as the credulous girl closed the door; and shading his face by hands which the sun actually might have shone through, he burst into a violent flood of tears.

"Your *penitence* would disarm *resentment*, if your situation did not excite compassion, my dear Edward," said I, withdrawing a hand which concealed his pallid face, and at the same time pressing it to my bosom with that warmth of impression which parental tenderness inspired.

"Oh, my father! I am unworthy of this proof of tenderness! I merited *reproaches*, and those I could have borne; but to receive such *unexampled marks* of *affection*—to be treated with kindness so much beyond my deserts, makes me doubly feel the iniquity of my conduct; yet I was not the *seducer* of that unfortunate girl."

This declaration, Mr. Editor, relieved my mind from a load of misery; for *seduction* always appeared to me as the most *heinous* of *crimes*; and the moment I perceived the young woman's situation, I resolved, if my son recovered, he should make her his wife. No tie of honour, however, could bind a man to unite himself to a female, who had previously deviated from virtue's path, and who might rather have been considered as the *seducer*, than an ill-fated being, whom artifice had overcome.

Scarcely had the door closed upon *Maria*, (which was the name by which my son addressed the ill-fated girl,) than Mr. Norway entered the apartment, for the purpose of enquiring after the health of his clerk. A mixture of astonishment and embarrassment was painted upon his countenance, at perceiving me seated by the chair of my son, as he had no idea that his letter would instantly have brought me to town.

As I never, Mr. Editor, was able to personate the fabled character of *Janus*, or in other words, could appear with a double face, I am inclined to think that I accosted Mr. Norway with a degree of coldness, which any man of *feeling* must have *observed*; but a sordid selfishness had rendered his heart callous, and with a smile of placidity, he greeted my unexpected arrival in town.

"Reflect but a moment," said I, "Mr. Norway, upon the circumstance which brought me here; view the pallid countenance, and emaciated form of that poor fellow, and judge whether you ought to rejoice at seeing a man whom you once honoured with the name of *friend!*"

"Your allusions are perfectly enigmatical, my dear Sir," replied Norway, evidently embarrassed with the justness of my remark. "Then to elucidate my meaning, allow me to tell you, Mr. Norway, that to your *want* of *attention*, do I attribute the debilitated state of my son—had he been received in your family as the offspring of an old acquaint-

ance—had you kindly warned him of the dangers to which the *young* and *inexperienced* are *exposed*—and had you supplied to him the place of a father, I should never have beheld him reduced to this deplorable state; but he might have become an ornament to society, and an honour to the man under whose protection he was placed."

I will not, Mr. Editor, trespass either upon the time of yourself, or your readers, by relating the warm altercation which ensued; but merely inform you that we parted in a short period, upon very unpleasant terms, though not until it was agreed that my son should accompany me back to Liverpool, and if his health permitted, return to town in the space of three or four months.

I soon discovered the motive which had induced my son to quit Mr. Babbington's; the young woman whom I had found in his apartment, was niece to the person in whose house he then lodged, and upon Edward's arrival in London, she was under the protection of Mr. Norway's eldest son; who, from caprice or instability, finding his attachment diminish, made a *transfer* of this *valuable piece* of *goods*. Those down-cast looks which I had attributed to *modesty*, I too soon found to have been merely the subterfuge of guile; for the artful girl had not only extorted immense sums from my deluded Edward, but in the unguarded moments of affection, had persuaded him to give her a promise of becoming his wife. The situation she was in, alone preserved her from my vengeance, upon discovering the iniquitous part she had played; for, upon finding I rejected the two last bills drawn for the purpose of supporting her in extravagance, she persuaded the infatuated boy to draw upon Messrs. H——, and Co. in my name; and as I always had four or five hundred pounds in their possession, the bill was honoured without hesitation or doubt. This circumstance I did not discover for several days after my arrival, and might probably have quitted London without finding it out, had not my son testified a singular degree of apprehension whenever I suggested an intention of calling upon my friends in Pall Mall. This appearance of alarm struck me as extraordinary, and without apprising Edward of my design, I waited upon Mr. H——, and found, that instead of having five hundred pounds in his possession, I had not as many pence.

If, Mr. Editor, you bear the tender name of *father*, you may form some idea of the agitation of my mind, at discovering so palpable an act of fraud and treachery in the being to whom I was so nearly allied. I had fortitude enough, fortunately, to conceal my emotion; and though at the first moment I had declared there must have been an error in the clerks, I suddenly appeared to recollect the privilege which I had given to my son. The state of that son's health, I was convinced was too delicate to bear agitation, and I hesitated whether it would be right to inform him of the discovery I had made; yet so completely ingenuous is my natural disposition, that I knew it would be impossible to conceal the mortification I endured.

Upon arriving at Edward's lodgings, I found the street door open, and unceremoniously walked up stairs; as I drew near my Edward's chamber, my curiosity was attracted by the loud tone of his voice, and I distinctly heard him say, "I did *not seduce* you, *Maria*, or most sacredly would I fulfil the promise which I made; but Sawbridge has assured me, upon the honour of a gentleman, that the unborn babe which I believe myself to be the father of, is not your *first child*, but that you have another *now* in *existence*, which Frederick Norway has put to nurse at East Sheen."

I could not perfectly understand the reply made to this allegation, as her voice was interrupted by sobs and sighs; but at length I heard her exclaim, in a tone of resentment, "The *law* will compel you to allow me three hundred a year, if you *refuse* to *marry me*, for I have your promise in black and white."

"Oh, Maria! is *this* the proof I am to receive of your affection? is *this* the grateful return you make my unbounded love? did you not practise all your sex's artifice, to make an impression upon my unsuspicious heart? and have I not been guilty of the basest actions to evince my affection, and supply *your superfluous desires?* Every time my father leaves me, my heart sickens with apprehension, lest he should discover the enormity of my crime, for no longer can I place confidence in Frederick Norway's promises, after the repeated forfeiture of his word. You know with what regret I drew upon my father's banker, yet how could I resist your *persuasions* and your *tears?* but had not Frede-

rick sacredly promised to repay me, no power on earth would have induced me to be guilty of so great a crime."

Unfortunately, Mr. Editor, the natural impetuosity of my temper would not allow me to wait for the artful girl's reply; but opening the door of my son's apartment, I exclaimed, "Never, Edward, will I consent to your alliance with that *ill-fated girl*, who, I fear, deserves a *harsher epithet*, but, in *pity* to her *situation*, I will not suffer myself to be *rash*. I have, unintentionally, overheard your conversation, my dear Edward," said I, in a softened tone of voice, "and from it I have discovered you have been the dupe of Mr. Norway's son, who, in justice, ought to support the being whom *he initiated* into the *path* of *vice*. *You*, Maria," I continued, "have been the agent of his iniquity; nature unfortunately has bestowed upon you *many charms*, and those have been the destructive weapons with which you have wounded the peace of my son."

There was too much truth in this assertion, Mr. Editor, not to make an instantaneous impression upon the heart. "I am a wretch!" she exclaimed, "unworthy of commiseration, yet surely *repentance* does not come *too late!*" This declaration was made with every mark of sorrow and contrition. I every moment expected to behold the ill-fated girl faint, and Edward, unmindful of my presence, alternately kissed, and wiped away her tears.

"Compose yourself, Maria," said I, in the softest accents, "and answer *one question* as *truly* as if you were in the presence of your *eternal* judge, for upon your *candour* and *veracity*, depends *my friendship* and *support*." I then, Mr. Editor, demanded whether the money my son had drawn upon Messrs. H—— for, was entirely for her *own use*, or whether Frederick Norway had received a *part*. "I cannot, indeed I cannot answer such a question, Sir," she replied, in evident agitation; but her silence was sufficient proof that there had been a shameful combination to destroy the rectitude and honour of my son.

From the appeal which I made to the object of Edward's affection, he was convinced that I was no longer a stranger to the transaction which he was so anxious to conceal; and throwing himself upon his knees, he implored my forgiveness in language much too affecting to be denied. The

physician whom I had applied to immediately upon my arrival, was announced at this critical moment of time, and I perceived, by his countenance, that he thought his patient materially worse, yet, as I knew his weakly frame had been agitated, I did not suffer myself to be alarmed. After remaining for some minutes in the apartment, and measuring the invalid's pulse by the movement of time, a significant glance demanded my attention, and I accompanied my intelligent physician into an adjoining room.

Wholly unprepared for the melancholy intelligence, judge, Mr. Editor, of my sensations, at hearing my beloved Edward had not many *days to live!* How deeply did I execrate my own imprudence, in suffering him to be agitated in the slightest degree. In vain did the sympathizing Doctor T— inform me, that he foresaw what would happen the first visit that he made; as the disease was too deeply rooted for the power of medicine to reach. Agitation, he assured me, had no connection with the symptoms, for his whole mass of blood was in so corrupt a state, that he knew a mortification must be the consequence, as he was in too debilitated a situation to bear the only medicines which might have preserved his life.

My countenance bore too lively a testimony of my feelings for my poor Edward not to observe the anguish I endured, and with a composure which at once soothed and delighted me, he assured me he was completely *prepared* for *death*. "And though, my dear father," said he, "I have been guilty of many youthful errors, yet I hope that my Redeemer will be merciful to my faults. Let me conjure you to be a friend to Maria, and a father to her unborn babe: the poor girl is to be pitied, for she was allured from the path of virtue, when she was a mere child."

I must draw a veil, Mr. Editor, over the scene which followed; it is too tragically affecting for a father to describe; suffice it to say, I lost my beloved son in the very prime of his existence, and with an agonized heart, followed him to the grave. If, from the relation of my misfortune, masters may be roused from that torpid state of insensibility into which they seem to have fallen within the last twenty or thirty years; if they are taught to reflect upon the dangers by which the inexperienced are surrounded in your too dissi-

pated town; and if they are made to perceive the necessity of keeping a watchful eye upon those who are intrusted to their care, then I shall have the satisfaction of thinking that *my afflictions* have produced a good effect.

I have the honour of being, Sir,
Your devoted humble servant,
CHARLES P———.

Liverpool, Aug. 8th, 1807.

FILIAL PIETY.

[Continued from page 183.]

SCENE. III.—*The Prison.*

Achmet chained.

To-morrow my doom will be pronounced, and an ignominious death will end my short, but miserable term of years! It is the unmerited disgrace which wounds my spirit, and makes a coward of me. But ah! my prison-gates are unlocked. Who calls? Selima, the Princess, here!

Amina (throws off a disguise).—Yes, Achmet, behold the princess, and duly estimate the favour.

Achmet.—How have I deserved this distinction?—An undone wretch! suspected, condemned!

Amina.—I suspect you not; I am satisfied that you could not be guilty of an act so heinous. I come to offer you life, liberty, and—love.

Achmet (starting).—Love!—and Amina?

Amina.—No. Spare my confusion—Selima!

Achmet (covering his face).—Am I awake? It cannot be! Princess, you mock my misery.

Amina.—As I hope for mercy I do not. Achmet, the Princess, stooping from her exalted station, offers you her hand and heart. Need I say more?

Achmet (falling at her feet).—Oh spare me, spare me!

Amina.—Rise, Achmet; time must not be lost in idle protestations; I can imagine your gratitude. This hour we fly.

Achmet (rising).—You mistake: pardon me, Princess, that necessity compels me to speak thus plainly. Amina is the only object of my affections; and even were it not so, I trust I have too much principle to betray the daughter of my sovereign from her duty. No, my Princess, abject though I am, I would never act so unworthily. Forget the unfortunate Achmet, and bestow your hand and heart where the gift may reflect honour and happiness to yourself.

Amina.—This rashness is the height of folly. Do you consider that your life is at stake?—that, by consenting to the measures I propose, you will preserve yourself—your mother?———

Achmet.—Her welfare above all would tempt me; but I prefer death, with conscious innocence, to a life of meanness and infamy.

Amina.—Noble youth! I admire, though I regret your determination. Farewell; all I can do shall be exerted in your behalf.

Achmet.—Too generous Princess! accept my heart's gratitude.

[*Exit Amina.*

Achmet.—What a trial have I passed!

Enter *Jailor.*

Sir, you are discharged.

Achmet.—Discharged! by whom?

Jailor.—Nay, that I know not; but a stranger has just brought your release, signed by the Sultan: we know his signature too well to doubt or hesitate.

Achmet.—Wonderful! I will hasten to throw myself at the Sultan's feet.

Jailor.—Hold, hold, Sir, not so fast; your liberty is given you only on condition that you join the Sultan's army, and volunteer your services. His son commands, and an immediate attack on the enemy is meditated. Here are the conditions.—*(Giving a paper.)*

Achmet.—A glorious alternative! Now, Amina, fortune presents me with an opportunity of deserving the blessing of thy love.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The breaking up of the Camp.*

[*March of Turkish soldiers.—Signal of attack.—The Sultan's son enters, attended by a numerous retinue, among whom is Achmet.—March of French soldiery.—General attack.—Achmet rescues the Turkish crescent from the hands of a French soldier—Pursues the fight with success, and saves the life of the Sultan's son.—A complete victory is obtained, and the Turks return triumphant.*]

SCENE.—*The Palace.*

The Sultan's son enters, followed by Achmet and attendant.

Son.—I am impatient to present you to my father; your important services this day render us your debtors for ever.

Enter Sultan.

My son, I congratulate you; this has been a brilliant victory.

Son.—Let your thanks be bestowed on this youth; he saved my life in the heat of battle.

Sultan.—Brave Achmet! I have heard your story, and own myself under everlasting obligation. Forgive me for the trial I have put you to; your virtue has proved triumphant. Ask what reward you will, it shall be granted.

Achmet.—Heavens! what do I see?—the stranger in the person of my sovereign!

Sultan.—The same. The villain Mirza, knowing my custom of rambling in the evening, unattended, hired ruffians to assassinate me. He has been accused by those he employed, and shall suffer. The artifice of the ring was devised by me to try your fortitude, and develope a mystery which at that time greatly perplexed me. But more of that another time. Rank and fortune shall now be yours; it is a debt of gratitude, and justly won. If any thing more is wanting to your happiness, speak boldly, it shall be yours.

Achmet, (prostrating himself).—Generous prince, I ask not rank nor fortune—a competence for my aged mother is all I would exact from your bounty. One boon more would render my felicity complete—the freedom of the lovely Amina.

Sultan.—It shall be so. Let the princess and the Lady Amina attend.—*To Mezrou.*—It is needless for me to add, that knowing your perfect innocence of the charge brought against you, I resolved on releasing you from prison. It was my intention to have distinguished you by my favour, even had you not so gloriously signalized yourself this day. It will also, I trust, encrease your satisfaction to learn that your mother is in the palace.

Enter Selima, Amina, Fatima, and attendant.

Achmet, (running into the arms of Fatima.)—My dear mother! this is a joyful meeting.

Fatima.—My darling boy!

Sultan, (taking Amina's hand.)—Here, my gallant friend, is the reward you asked: Amina is yours, with a dowry adequate to her merit and your service.

Achmet, (approaching eagerly, but perceiving his mistake, retreats in confusion).—The princess! then I am undone for ever.

Sultan.—What means all this? Your countenance is changed; you no longer wear an aspect of joy. My daughter! pale, trembling, and in tears! how am I to unfold this mystery?

Amina, (laughing).—What! refuse me a second time? Well, well, I find that whether a princess or a slave, I am equally an object of disgust to you.—But dread my vengeance.

Selima, (falling at the Sultan's feet.)—Oh, my father! pity and forgive me; I have much imprudence to confess: here, in the presence of your whole court will I avow my indiscretion; but spare the unfortunate Achmet, indeed he is innocent; I alone am culpable.

Sultan, (raising her).—Not now, my child; the recital is unnecessary, as I already am informed of every particular. Amina, in revenge of your lover's slight, betrayed your secret.

Selima.—And was Amina, the friend I trusted, capable of this?

Sultan.—You shall hear. A portrait of you, sketched by the hand of love, first awakened my suspicions. When questioned by me, Achmet asserted that it was the resemblance of Amina. I imagined that he willfully deceived me,

and for satisfaction interrogated Amina so closely, that she was obliged to confess the whole, and with tears and entreaties obtained my promise of forgiveness for the indiscretion you had both been guilty of. By my desire, Amina suggested the scheme of putting Achmet's disinterestedness and fidelity to the proof. I found he possessed a soul greater than I expected. Thus then let me reward him—my brave preserver, Selima is yours.

Achmet.—Most generous Sultan, the gift is invaluable.

Selima, (kneeling with Achmet).—My kind father, I have not deserved this goodness.

Sultan.—My dear children, say no more; your errors were but those of youth. Your hearts are virtuous, and formed for each other. In your happiness I shall find my own, and ever bless the day which introduced to me the worthy Achmet.

Selim.—Let me congratulate you, my dear sister; believe me, I sincerely participate your joy.

Selima.—Ah, my brother! would I could promote your's, but I have drawn too largely on my father's indulgence to dare hope for more.

Amina.—But say, my princess, that you forgive me.

Selima.—Forgive you, Amina! oh can I ever cease to love the gentle friend of my youth.—*(embracing her).*

Achmet.—And can I ever forget the pretty trick you played me?

Amina.—Let me see how you will revenge it.

Achmet.—I hope your Majesty does not forget that the fair Amina was promised liberty.

Sultan.—She is free; and more—as "one good turn deserves another," she shall not go unrewarded. I am in the humour to make others happy to-day. My son, I know you have long admired the lovely Amina; accept from me her hand, and with it my best blessing. Though the chance of war made her a captive, she is nobly born, and has beauty and merit sufficient to adorn the most exalted station.

Selima.—My dear Amina, I congratulate you.

Selim.—Words cannot speak my joy.—*(Taking Amina's hand.*

Sultan.—This is indeed a day of pleasure! Providence

has crowned our arms with success, and made me the happiest of men, in possessing the power to secure the felicity of my children, and the peace and welfare of my subjects.

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A STAGE COACH RENEWED.

(Continued from page 181.)

THE sudden transition from acute anguish to extatic pleasure, which the mother of the restored little fellow displayed, could only be described by the immortal pen of Fielding, and therefore I shall leave it to my reader's imagination. Upon a transient glance her features appeared familiar to me; but upon raising her expressive eyes, (beaming with gratitude), to my face, I discovered the well known countenance of one of my late mother's waiting maids, with whom I had discovered a near relation, about four years back, had carried on an intrigue, and decoyed from her place.

"Good God, Lucy, how came you in this part of the country?" I unguardedly exclaimed in a tone of surprise.

"The regiment to which my husband belongs, is quartered in this neighbourhood, Sir;" replied the fair one, apparently much disconcerted by the enquiry. The amiable Louisa perceiving the young woman's confusion, gave me a look never to be forgotten; for it seemed to convey a doubt of the rectitude of my principles, and a suspicion of my having been too intimately acquainted with the ill-fated girl; and turning to her father, she said something in a low voice to him, and both instantly quitted the room. To have undeservedly lost the good opinion of this paragon of purity, gave an indescribable sensation of sorrow to my heart; however, conscious rectitude soon gave a different turn to my feelings, and I again demanded what motive had induced her to reside in that part of the world.

Plans of seduction are generally conducted upon a progress so completely similar, that my readers would find little novelty was I to take the trouble of relating poor

Lucy's unvarnished tale; for the captain (my libertine relation) having become attached to another female, he gave the sergeant of the regiment fifty pounds to take her off his hands and as one false step generally leads to another, I found she was still living in a state of prostitution.

The shade of my respected mother seemed to rise up before me, as I listened to the poor girl's recital, and say, "If you have a spark of humanity in your bosom, rescue this unfortunate being from depravity and vice." I instantly enquired whether she was attached to the sergeant, and being answered in the affirmative, demanded why they had not married? The reply was, that he had dependance upon a father, who was anxious to unite him to the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who promised to give her three hundred pounds.

"Has not Providence," (said I, mentally), "endowed me with independance, for the purpose of contributing to the happiness of my fellow creatures? and was not this girl amiable and virtuous, until my dissipated cousin allured her into the paths of vice? how can I dispose of three hundred pounds better than by bestowing it as a dowry, and making her an honest man's wife?"

My heart instantly applauded the idea. I requested her to inform the sergeant I wished to speak with him, promising to watch the little fellow, who had fallen into a composed slumber, until her return. The sight of Mr. Middleton's trunks fastening to a carriage already harnessed, quickly induced me to resign my post to a chambermaid, and enquiring for the room in which my fellow travellers had taken sanctuary, I was conducted by the waiter into the apartment.

I was received with politeness by Mr. Middleton; yet that politeness was blended with reserve; but, upon accosting Louisa, saying I had flattered myself we should have continued fellow travellers, she replied, "neither her father, or self, imagined I should be desirous of quitting the inn so soon; as it was evident, in an apparent stranger, I had recognized an old friend.

There was an asperity in Miss Middleton's manner, as she made this declaration, that at once delighted, and mortified my feelings; and taking her reluctant hand, I said

"My dear young lady, I thought your sex always put a favourable construction upon an equivocal mode of conduct; yet, amiable as I know you are, you condemn me at the court of conscience merely upon surmise."—"I have no right to condemn, and, I fear, little reason to applaud," retorted Louisa, with an angelic smile. "Your father shall decide whether I am to be condemned or acquitted, but applause I do not wish to obtain."

I then simply related poor Lucy's history from the time of her becoming a member of my revered mother's family, to the period of her seduction, and her quitting the hospitable roof of her protectress. Well did I mark the transitions of this angelic creature's countenance, as I related this matter of fact tale, which, when I came to the close of, she extended towards me her beauteous hand, saying—"Can you forgive me for encouraging unjust suspicions? Indeed I beg you ten thousand pardons."

The postillion, at this delightful moment, announced the carriage ready, when Mr. Middleton, taking out his watch, offered to wait one hour, observing, that, in all probability, the sergeant would arrive within that period. Though our route only permitted me to accompany them one stage, yet I was highly flattered by the proposition; but I was not destined to enjoy the gratification, for Lucy soon returned to inform me the sergeant was on duty, but the moment his superior arrived, he would obtain permission to absent himself for a short time. He came not, though Mr. Middleton waited until the last moment; and as an act of duty has a prior claim to one of pleasure, I resolved to deprive myself of a gratification for the purpose of restoring the lost Lucy to a respectable state in society again.

Upon taking a painful leave of my fellow-travellers, Mr. Middleton put his card into my hand, and I requested permission to offer him mine in return. "Do I see distinctly?" he exclaimed. "Are you the son of Edmund H——t?" "That most respected of men was indeed my father," I replied. "How wonderful are the ways of Providence!" continued Mr. Middleton. "I have been endeavouring to discover your residence, my dear young friend, for the last eighteen months; but tell me when and where I shall see you, for I am trustee to the will of your godfather. But I

was informed you were out of England, or I should long since have apprised you of a valuable legacy."

I thought the intelligent countenance of Miss Middleton beamed with pleasure at this unexpected recognition; and it was finally arranged between us, that we should meet again on that day month, as the business which had occasioned this fortunate journey was likely to detain me nearly that time.

To account for the trustee of my late godfather having found a difficulty in discovering my residence, I think it necessary to inform my readers I had only returned the preceeding month from Lisbon, where I had accompanied a beloved sister, whose life had been shortened by the barbarous conduct of a tyrant, to whom she had unfortunately united herself, in opposition to the advice of all her friends, and to shield her from being annoyed by his pretended contrition, I carefully concealed my intention of accompanying her to Lisbon, from all her relations, vainly flattering myself that salubrity of climate might act as a restorative to a wounded mind. This hope unfortunately proved fallacious; and scarce ten weeks have elapsed since I followed the body of this adored sister to its long, last home, and the reflection that had her life been prolonged, misery must have been her portion, has in some degree reconciled me to an irreparable loss.

I will not attempt apologizing for this digression by a farther trespass upon my reader's time, but return to Lucy Bennet, who, in about two hours after Mr. Middleton's departure, introduced me to the sergeant. Though from an hour's conversation it is difficult to form an opinion of a man's character, yet I was highly pleased with the principles he professed; for though, in compliance with the wishes of his captain, he had taken a cast-off mistress under his protection, he assured me he would not have done so, unless his heart had been attached. "And as to the fifty pounds, Sir," said he, "which his honour gave me with her, I would not have touched a penny of it, even if I had wanted a piece of bread. It was the wages of sin to be sure, one must call it, but I have lodged it in the bank for the poor girl."

There was a dignity of mind in the honest sergeant's sentiments which delighted me; and upon enquiring why he had

not married the ill-fated girl, he assigned as a reason, his dependance upon his father, and, in fact, gave me a similar account to that which I had received from Lucy. The joy which animated the worthy fellow's countenance, upon my saying, if his father would consent to their nuptials, I would give her three hundred pounds, may possibly be imagined, though it exceeded my powers of description to paint; therefore, to conclude my history of Lucy Bennet, and pursue my travels, I beg leave to inform my readers this attached couple were united in the following week.

As a business of such a nature could not be arranged in a few moments, my journey was necessarily delayed a couple of days; however, as I accidentally met with an old acquaintance, I passed my time not only satisfactorily, but pleasantly at the George; the master of which, fancying, from the report of my munificence to Lucy; I must be a man of large fortune, stared with astonishment at hearing me declare I should pursue my travels in a stage coach.

Though I am not one of those eccentric characters who hold at defiance the opinion of the world, yet, in trifling concerns, I am so far independant as always to study my own taste, and not care a fig for the animadversions made upon me by those who are incapable of entering into my mode of thinking. My landlord doubtless expected to have a chaise and four ordered, at least if I might judge by the astonishment depictured upon his countenance, when I requested him to ask if there was any room in the C—— stage, which happened to drive into the yard at the moment I was discharging his bill. "Your honour likes a bit of a joke, I *parsive*," said my landlord, "for to be sure such a noble spirited gentleman would never go for to think of travelling in a stage!"

"I not only go for to think, but think I shall go by that conveyance," I replied, smiling, "so pray, my good fellow, secure me a place;" notwithstanding which I could with difficulty persuade him such was the mode of travelling I intended to pursue.

As society induced me to adopt this method, I had every reason to consider myself fortunate; upon peeping into the coach, and perceiving it so completely occupied, that there was only one vacant place, though the carriage was much more

modern than that which had conveyed Mr. and Mrs. Mountain, and of course was more commodiously built; yet I had no less difficulty in entering it than I had the one in which I commenced my travels: at least half the front seat was occupied by a being who appeared more puffed with pride than fat, and whose unwieldy size perfectly overwhelmed his neighbour, who actually was not able to move a hand, for this proud priest's wife sat on the other side him, and extended her elbow over the poor young man's chest. One of my companions, on the back seat, I concluded to be an attorney, from a green bag which he held in his lap; when having placed myself between him and a young lady, I paid the usual salutation to the whole company.

An uncondescending move of the head, without a word uttered, was the compliment returned by Doctor Pompous, whilst his affable help-mate deplored the folly she had committed in entering a stage coach. "We should never have been exposed to this horrid mode of travelling, Florentina," rejoined the enormous mass of pride and consequence, "had you not lamed one of the coach horses by driving with such fury to Lord Dashwood's."

"No reproaches, I beg, for the crime carries with it a sufficient punishment, yet, had not Lemoine assured me this coach was as easy as my own carriage, no power on earth should have induced me to set my foot upon the step; but it is the height of folly to attend to the description of a servant, for those creatures are actually destitute of nerves! Yet, how Lord Dashwood and Sir Charles Careless can so frequently make use of this horrid vehicle is, I confess, incomprehensible."

"As his lordship's representation, in all probability, madam, induced you to enter this horrid vehicle, I would advise you to file a bill against him for false report," said the attorney dryly, "and I flatter myself with the hope of being employed as lawyer: I will strain every nerve to obtain damages, for I have actually been jolted till my sides are both black and blue."

"Though the false representations of a friend, Sir, may occasion a deprivation of comfort," rejoined the lady, "yet the intimate footing upon which his lordship and myself are, prohibit the very idea of law; notwithstanding which, I have exposed myself to much inconvenience, merely from

knowing that he frequently made use of this stage; but vehicles of this kind must be shocking to every lady accustomed to the elegance of a private carriage."

Scarcely had this refined female closed her observation, when a phaeton and four attempted to pass us with the rapidity of lightning, the road, however, was extremely narrow, and in the attempt the wheels of the two carriages locked: the charioteer of the phaeton proved to be Lord Dashwood, who execrated the stupidity of our coachman, swearing that through his ignorance he would lose a bet of five hundred guineas. So completely were the wheels of the two carriages linked within each other, that they were absolutely fixed, and both his lordship and the coachman found it necessary to descend from their separate stations, and the latter advised the passengers to alight for a minute.

Never was confusion more strongly marked than in the countenance of Pompous and his crest-fallen help-mate, when Lord Dashwood opened the carriage door and addressed the party as total strangers whom he had never seen before. Our vehicle was, however, no sooner lightened of its burden than the wheels were unclosed, and upon reentering it, the lawyer observed, that "warm friendships soon cool! For who," continued he, addressing himself to me, "would have believed his lordship and our fellow travellers had been old acquaintance?"

"The belief or disbelief of a satirical person can be of very little consequence, I assure you Sir," retorted the lady, "yet I should be sorry to impress the company with an unfavourable opinion of me, and, therefore, I beg leave to say, there has been a little dispute about tythes between his lordship and my husband, which was the occasion of their not speaking; is it not so my dear?"

A placid nod gave assent to this palpable falsehood, and a silence for some minutes prevailed, when the lawyer enquired whether I did not think it shameful females were not allowed to plead at the bar? "For the ingenuity of their invention," continued he, "surpasses credibility: why, if Erskine was put in competition with them, he would appear a mere fool!"

"Insolent puppy!" rejoined Mrs. Pompous, with an asperity of manner scarcely to be conceived; then, casting a fiery glance upon the young lady opposite, she exclaimed,

"Emily, what is the reason you do not espouse the cause of your sex? You are not often so mealy-mouthed, and can defend those to whom you are partial with as much ability as Erskine himself."

"You forget, my dear Madam, having commanded me to observe silence," replied the young lady, in one of those sweet and attractive voices that touch the very chords of the heart. "Oh, Miss, you are wonderfully obedient all of a sudden, and I wish I may find you so in things of greater concern," retorted the amiable creature in a voice elevated to the highest pitch.

"Has that young lady the misfortune to have lost the organ of hearing, ma'am?" enquired the attorney in a dubious tone. "I wish you had lost the organ of speech, with all my heart, or that I was not exposed to your impertinence; yet it serves me right—it is a proper punishment for my folly in having degraded myself by associating with such an upstart puppy."

A smile of contempt, accompanied by a profound bend of the body, was the silent reply given to this elegant speech; and the supposed lawyer and myself entered into an interesting conversation, which confirmed me in the opinion that he was not only a well-educated, but a well-informed gentleman. I say supposed lawyer, for upon the coach driving into the Talbot, a most elegant equipage was standing in the yard, and two servants, in splendid liveries, instantly flew towards our despised vehicle, and opening the door, said—"My Lady has been waiting, Sir Edward, nearly an hour and a quarter."

"Put my dressing clothes into the travelling trunk," replied Sir Edward, giving the green bag to one of the footmen, then turning to me, he said, "Will you do me the honour of walking into the apartment which Lady Montague occupies, and take some refreshment, whilst the horses are changing?" and without noticing the alarmed looks of Pompous, or his precious help-mate, he jumped out of the coach.

I was too much amused by this adventure not to avail myself of Sir Edward's invitation, who inwardly enjoyed the embarrassment he had occasioned, and declared he would give twenty guineas if he could have accompanied his agreeable companion another stage, for the purpose of witness-

ing the humility she would display upon discovering the rank he held in life. From Lady Montague I discovered that the Baronet made a frequent practice of travelling in a stage; and for the pleasure of having his station misapprehended, constantly took with him a green bag, which, he declared, had afforded him a greater fund of entertainment than the celebrated Joe Millar's Jests.

The waiter soon announced the coach in readiness, and upon re-entering it, my ears were assailed by a most animated matrimonial dispute between old Pompous and his refined spouse.

"Yes, yes, you have made a pretty kettle of fish of it, that must be acknowledged," rejoined the reverend gentleman, in reply to some observation his wife had made; "for I tell ye Sir Edw. Montague and his lordship are just like brothers, and through your vile tongue I shall lose a valuable living."

"This gentleman, perhaps," rejoined the now condescending Mrs. Pompous, "will be kind enough to make an apology for me to Sir Edward." "Apology, indeed!" muttered the incensed husband, "Did you not call him an upstart puppy?—language which you ought to blush at; but when your tongue was once in motion, stop it who can?"

"You had better stop your's, I promise you, or I'll throw my parasol at your head. I can tell you, Sir, I would not suffer myself to be treated in this manner even by the Prince of Wales! You ungrateful wretch! does not my property support you? Have you a penny to maintain yourself, but the produce of your trumpery curacy?" "For heaven's sake, my dear father, drop the subject," said the agitated Emily, bursting into tears. "No, Miss, he shall not drop the subject for your orders. What, would you have him meanly stoop to his cradle?" "God forbid, Ma'am; he stoops too much already without condescending to the wishes of his daughter," replied the amiable girl, with a degree of spirit, which, I confess, delighted me to hear.

"Why you insolent minx! do you know, Miss, I am your mother? How dare you then to forget the duty of a child?" "Would you, Madam, but teach me with the affection of a parent, you would never have reason to complain of disrespect; but when I contrast your conduct with that of my dear departed mother, my feelings sometimes conquer my prudence."

By way of giving a turn to a conversation truly distressing, I observed that Sir Edward had merely considered the lady's satirical remarks as a joke; adding, that I was persuaded he would never think of representing what had passed that morning to Pompous's patron. This declaration produced the effect I wished it. The lady had the condescending goodness to acknowledge herself in the wrong, and the astonished husband extended the olive branch: a mutual conciliation passed between them; and, stretching his hand towards his amiable daughter, he said, "Dry up your tears, my good girl." *(To be continued.)*

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

LOVE is a passion of which every heart is susceptible; but it produces different effects in each. Every nation, every man perhaps, has a particular way of expressing his passion. Love, in England, partakes of the gloomy character of the nation, and necessarily produces melancholy. Love, viewed in this light, seldom promises an agreeable prospect; but never fails to interest us, and what merits our attention more, to show the fatal effects of this sentiment, when neither tempered by reason or duty.

Miss Sally H——, the daughter of a rich merchant of L——, had been brought up from her infancy with the son of one of her father's friends; and these two children had entertained a passion for each other from their very childhood. The parents of Sally had not perceived this growing inclination which they otherwise would have strove to have nipped in the bud; as the small fortune of Stanley, (which was the name of the youth), rendered him an improper match for Miss Sally, who was likely to have one of the largest estates in L——. Notwithstanding the obstacles they were likely to meet with, on account of the disparity of their fortunes, their mutual tenderness increased, and gained new strength in proportion as they increased in years. Miss Sally was naturally of a more melancholy disposition than her fair countrywomen usually are: the utmost violence of its transports was naturally to be expected in her. She loved the more ardently, as having received an excellent education, she was under the necessity of submitting to all the duties of her sex, and making her external behaviour incessantly calumniate the feelings of her own heart.

By some means or other young Stanley gave his mistress room for jealousy; whether her suspicions were justly grounded or not is a matter of doubt; but the most trifling grounds are too much for a sensible heart. Miss Sally had the resolution to dissemble for some time, and conceal her uneasiness; but at last, unable longer to keep silence, she gently upbraids her lover, and with tears in her eyes, says, "You know Stanley that I love you, and you only; if you continue your visits to Miss Jenny D—— you will be the cause of my death."

Stanley promised whatever she required in order to make her easy; but he had more vivacity than love, or the suspicions of his mistress seemed to him wholly unjust, he did not keep his word, and the unhappy young lady was too soon informed of his double dealing. She suffered not the sigh or complaint to escape her lips, and affected a tranquillity that Stanley, if he had loved like Sally, would easily have seen through; she nourishes in her breast gloomy despair; the eye of nature is more clear sighted than that of love. The parents of Sally, who doated on her, discover the secret uneasiness she suffers; they enquire of her the cause of it, but can get no satisfactory answer: they only observed the wildness of her looks; that involuntary sighs sometimes escaped her, and that she in vain strove to restrain her tears. She comes one evening, according to custom, to receive the blessing of her father and mother, repeatedly embraces them with unusual ardour, and at last reluctantly quits them with a deep sigh. Her mother, alarmed at this behaviour, asks her fresh questions, and intreats her to disclose the hidden cause of her uneasiness: Sally answers only by her tears; her parents renew their entreaties; she attributes it to a sudden lowness of spirits that she cannot get the better of, and at last quits them overwhelmed with the most poignant grief.

Maternal love is perhaps the most restless and most easily alarmed of all the different species of love. Sally's mother, tortured all night with the thoughts of the condition in which she had left her daughter, impatient to see her, rose at the break of day, and hastened to her apartment. Her husband in vain endeavours to dissuade her, by assuring her, that her fears are groundless. "You know not," replies she, "the feelings of a mother," and hurries to her

chamber. What a terrible spectacle strikes her eyes upon the entrance: she sees her daughter hanging upon one of the bed-posts, with a paper pinned on her breast, on which were wrote the following words:—"For Love."

The mother, in the utmost consternation, flies to her daughter, in hopes she might be able to give her assistance, and calls her husband and the servants; but their assistance was useless, the unfortunate young lady had been dead several hours. The rumour of this unhappy accident soon reached the ears of Stanley. He instantly flies to Miss Sally's chamber, exclaiming, "It is I who have been her murderer!" He throws himself on the dead body, and bathes it with his tears. The parents of Sally tear Stanley by force from the body, and imagining him in reality the murderer of their daughter, in the height of their distraction, the father rushes on Stanley with his drawn sword, who neglecting to put himself in a posture of defence, receives a mortal wound.

"Yes," pursues he, "it is I who have murdered my dear Sally, and I thank heaven, that I shall accompany her to the grave!" He then relates what the family had been entirely ignorant of till this moment. As soon as the parents of Sally found that he had been no ways concerned in her death, they endeavoured to give him all the assistance possible. "No," continued he, "I will not abuse your humanity. All I require of your generous soul is, to hasten, if possible, the moment of my expiring; I have been the cause of the death of your daughter, of all that I adored; It is I who has sacrificed her, by not loving her as she deserved; my indiscretion excited her with jealousy; I die with pleasure of the wounds you gave me; I implore one single favor only; permit me to expire on my dear Sally's breast." The father and mother with tears dragged the youth close to their daughter; he takes one of her hands, presses it to his lips, and expires with these words in his mouth: "Oh my dear Sally, is my death alone sufficient to cancel my crime!"

Cabinet of Fashion.

Fig. 1. White sarsnet bonnet, trimmed with pale green ribbon; long shawl of a fawn colour; cambric dress, with work let in round the bottom.

Fig. 2. Hair fashionably dressed, with the curls to fall over on one side; plain leno dress, embroidered and trimmed with ribbon and swans-down: white kid gloves and shoes; pink velvet ridicule.

WALKING DRESS.

FULL DRESS.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry. Nov.ª 1.1807.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

KENRIC'S ADIEU.

FAR from Guidenam's tranquil tower,
'Mid the court's resplendent blaze,
Soon, my Marion, will that shower
Cease to fall for parted days.

But for me!—with love still burning,
Exil'd from thee must I rove,
Where the gloomy tow'rs of learning
Frown on Marion and love.

Let not Envy's pois'nous adder
Tales of vows forgotten tell;
Cupid oft, with silken ladder,
Scales the wall of Kenric's cell.

Still the same and blooming ever,
Thro' each varied change of clime;
Love's immortal flow'ret never
Falls beneath the scythe of Time.

Friends enforce monastic duty,
Ne'er shall friends my fervour damp;
Dimly, 'mid the blaze of beauty,
Beams the ray from Friendship's lamp.

Ah! methinks my eyes grow moister,
While I swear this vow confess'd;
No cold mandate of the cloister
'Gainst thy warmth shall chill my breast.

Yet perhaps some wealthier lover——
No, ah, no! it cannot be!
For tho' Plutus round him hover,
Softer Cupid dwells with me.

Keep, oh keep the vows you plighted,
Or at least conceal my doom;
Lest the torch by Cupid lighted,
Reason's ember should consume.

As the maniac, who 'mid torments,
Sang to brutes Floranthe's strain;
Quitting all the world's enjoyments,
All its anguish I'll retain.

Slow we breathe our parting kisses,
How unlike that am'rous day,
When inspired by meeting blisses,
Rapture goaded love's delay.

Thus where yonder ocean washes,
Thoughts of love each wave inspires;
To the shore the billow *dashes*,
But with *ling'ring* pace *retires!*

H. D. W.

THE SHEPHERD.

(BY A BOY ONLY NINE YEARS OF AGE.)

SOON as bright Phœbus gilds the rosy morn,
The early huntsman sounds his death-like horn;
The nightly owls retire from smiling day,
The spangled dew-drop trembling dries away;
The chearful lark, now soaring to the skies,
Proclaims the morn, and bids the shepherd rise;
He, gladly rising from his peaceful bed,
Obeys her call, and hails the eastern red.
Near to yon spot a murm'ring fountain plays,
There leads his flock, there tunes his humble lays.
The mid-day sun now darts his sultry fire,
The sheep from heat to shady groves retire;
The shepherd seated by the fountain's side,
Hears the soft breeze, and views the prospect wide.
Now purple evening spreads her milder ray,
And whistling ploughmen homeward take their way;
While twilight grey unfolds her cooling vest,
The bleating sheep retire to soft'ning rest;
The shepherd to his happy cot repairs,
And takes his slumbers free from strife and cares.
Now darkness triumphs o'er the weary land,
And night o'er all extends her leaden wand.

J. T.

AN INVOCATION TO PEACE.

(BY THE SAME.)

COME blessed Peace! fair as the morn!
Whose light bedecks the dewy lawn:
Again bless Britain with thy smiles,
And grant her wealth to crown her toils;
Nor e'er let War pursue thy charms,
Or fright thee with his dire alarms.
Then come, sweet Peace! return once more,
And bless again Britannia's shore.

J. T.

THE WREATH.

A BALMY wreath I wove,
Each flow'ret lent its aid,
Whose fragrance scents the grove,
Or blossoms in the shade.

The blushing rose was there,
Young cowslips, bath'd in dew,
The modest lily fair,
And lowly vi'let blue.

The myrtle's glossy green,
Each wand'ring bud confin'd,
While jasmine peep'd between,
By hyacinths entwin'd.

Now, Cupid, hear my pray'r,
I go, my fate to brave;
The wreath bid Lucy wear,
Or let it deck my grave!

ISABELLA.

ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

ALAS! how inconstant the pleasures
That Fancy pourtrays to the mind;
We grasp at the shadowy treasures,
And nought but deception we find.

Gay hope, like a gentle deceiver,
Bewitches the world with her smile;
By flattery lull'd we believe her,
Nor once think of sorrow or guile.

But ah! these fair scenes are soon ended,
Disorder'd and clouded by care;
Our joys with our troubles soon blended,
And nothing remains but despair.

Where, where is *Felicity's* dwelling?
Can I find the blest mansion below?
From my bosom with grief sadly swelling,
A voice gently whispers—ah no!

Misfortune our prospects oft blasting,
For *bliss* thou must look up to *Heav'n*;
There joys will be found *everlasting*,
There rest to the wearied be giv'n.

W. C.

REMEMBRANCE OF PAST SCENES.

ALAS! fond Mem'ry, dost thou still pourtray
Those scenes where pleasure held her jocund reign?
Scenes once so fair, so happy, and so gay,
But doom'd, ah! never to return again!

As o'er each much lov'd spot I seem to trace,
I feel my heart by Grief's sad pangs opprest;
And fain the dear remembrance would erase,
And shut for ever from my aching breast.

But e'er, when o'er my mind her shady wings
Reflection spreads, then Memory anew
Painting those long past prospects to my view,
Creates a joy that long-liv'd sorrow brings,
For ah! for ever from their pleasures torn,
I trace them but to weep, remember but to mourn.

W. C.

EXTEMPORE LINES,

WRITTEN ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY IN ONE OF THE BOXES OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

WHILE thus, gentle maid, thy soft smiles I am courting,
What raptures thy beauties impart;
For one glance from those eyes, where the Cupids are sporting,
Is worth millions of worlds to my heart.

My fond breast, it can scarce its wild tenant restrain,
Transported by charms so divine;
Hark! it beats, and will burst from this bosom to gain
Lov'd——admittance to *thine*.

C.

May 12*th*, 1807.

ELEGY.

COLD the wind of winter's blowing,
Keen the drifted snow descends,
Ice-bound streamlets cease from flowing,
Summer's short liv'd empire ends.

But I no wintry tempests fear,
Lost to every sense of pain,
The smiling or the frowning year,
The cultur'd or the desert plain.

When spring, bedeck'd with peaceful smiles,
Round her path strews fragrant flowers,
No joy my weary woe beguiles,
No bright hope illumes my hours.

For I am mis'ry's hapless child,
Doom'd severest storms to bear,
Tho' once untouch'd by grief I smil'd,
Knew by name alone despair.

H. S. F. M

ACROSTIC.

B LESS'D with those virtues that the good revere
A winning manner; sense and judgment clear,
R eason and Truth o'er thy fair mind preside
B y all esteem'd; thy Husband's joy and pride.
A h! happy pair! belov'd of Heav'n above,
R ejoicing in the bliss of mutual love,
A nd lovely Babes, which all your joys improve;
C an ought on Earth, like these, give pleasure sweet?
A h! no, then hear, ye Swains, it is most meet,
M arry! and hence domestic joys you'll find
P ure bliss! to nuptial love alone confin'd.
B y Hymen led to sweet connubial joys,
E ach annual round, young Scions shall arise;
L o! thus, a charming offspring shall increase,
L ove's ties cement, and hence shall discord cease.

J. C.

SONNET.

AWAY ye flatt'ring dreams and airy charms,
That once such thrilling rapture could impart,
And fan to ecstacy the bounding heart,
Which throbb'd and panted with love's wild alarms!

What tho' the features of the smiling fair,
The rays of purest symmetry adorn,
Their winning sweets conceal a rankling thorn;
And only lure the bosom to *despair*.

No more the treach'rous glance and downcast eye
Shall the stern frown of swelling pride controul,
Or curb the mad'ning tumult of my soul,
That welcomes death in every bursting sigh.
Hence! hence false *hope*, thy proffers I disdain!
The heart by *love* deceiv'd, can *never love* again.

C. V.

SONNET.

BY ripling streams, or fragrant bowers,
Each day delighted could I rove;
There cull for thee, the sweetest flowers,
Select a garland for my love.

Each bower and stream would seem more bright,
Yes, charmer, if with thee I stray'd,
Hence would they ever give delight,
Ah! yes, if thou wert by sweet maid!

Might I thy converse thus enjoy,
In hours so blissful pass the day,
Lay care aside, my time employ
To win, then would'st thou say me nay?
O! yes, thou would'st, for why? remember
Ne'er join'd should May—be with September.

J. C.

ENIGMA.

YE riddling fair of *Britain's* isle, attend;
And list to me, who am your country's friend:
To me, for whom your *Edwards*, *Henries*, fought,
And with the blood of thousands dearly bought.
When *Abraham* of old (as *Moses* sings)
Gave battle to the three confederate kings;
I hover'd there, I watch'd the doubtful fray,
And crown'd the ancient patriarch on that day:
In Israel's num'rous battles I was there,
When death rode fearful round the hero's car;
But not to ancient times alone confin'd,
With *Britain's* name you often see me join'd:
I came with *Norman William* to the *Throne*,
Confirm'd his claims, and made this isle his own.
When *Abercrombie*, *Wolfe*, resign'd their breath,
And for their country clos'd their eyes in death:
I too was there, I heard their parting sigh,
Cheer'd by my voice, I saw those *Heroes* die.
I was with *Bridport*, *Vincent*, *Duncan*, *Howe*,
'Twin'd the last laurel round great NELSON'S brow.
Was where *Gambier*, and gallant *Cathcart* fought,
Resolv'd, that but with life, I should be bought.
Spain, *France*, and *India* too, have felt my power,
And ev'ry *Nation* in their lucky hour.
"In distant climes where nature pants for breath,"
There have I been, 'tendant on *War* and death;
But hold, enough, but one hint more I give,
In battle, slaughter, sieges, there I live,
And e'er shall be, till wars and discord cease,
'Till all the earth be blest with lasting peace;
When peace and commerce spread from shore to shore,
"And men shall learn the art of war no more."

AUGUSTUS.

Fenchurch Street, 3d Oct. 1807.

SOLUTION

OF THE CHARADES WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

I.

MOVE-ABLE.

II.

A *PIN* helps a Lady to dress,
And a *Cushion* is useful for pray'r;
Thus a *Pincushion* 'tis, James, I guess,
That you mean by your riddle so rare.

J. M. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot comply, to its full extent, with the request of S W. E H. T T. A M. who desire us to "*except*, and give a place in our Museum," to some lines which they have sent us; but we will readily insert some of them, as we have no doubt of their giving pleasure to our readers. Our first selection shall be from "a lamentable tragedy, mixed full of pleasant mirth," ycleped "*The Unhappy Lovers.*"

"Ye sylvan Nymphs, consent to tell?
Whither, fair Rosena, now does dwell;
Does, she in, some shady grove,
Mids the glooms, of melancholy, rove;
Or a victim, to some villin, fell,
Ever, in pain, and sorrow to dwell."

That line is broke loose from his fellows: chain him up shorter.

Our next extract shall be from a most mellifluous

"*SONNET TO SLEEP,*

On The Beautiful Miss A. D****y.

"In silence, sleep on, dear Heavenly fair,
Here *reast*, beneath, th. fragrant myrtle shade,
A canopy, for pure love, and beauty made,
Where true Innocen, ce breathes perfuming air,
Of deceitful love, gentle maid *bewair*,
Who seeks, to violate, each spotless feature,
Ever to destroy, thy peace fair creature." !!!

Ye critics, say, how poor to this was Pindar's style! We have transcribed the above with the strictest accuracy, both as to orthography and punctuation. How much better would Misses S W. E H. T T. A M. have employed their time in learning their spelling book, darning a stocking, or pickling a red cabbage. Yet, with nearly *quires* of such POETRY, are we pestered every month.

We have with much pleasure inserted "J. T.'s" communications, as we think they possess much merit, considering his early age.

"Lorenzo's" bribe is not sufficiently alluring to induce us to insert his lines.

The "Appeal to the Ladies" is received, and shall be duly tendered.

"Augustus's" modesty made him more apprehensive than was necessary.

"J. W.'s" communication will be inserted, but we have already too much poetry on our hands, to be allured with the promise of more.

"John Hawkins's" "*Winter*" shall appear next month: with "Edward and Rosabel," the "Miller's Maid," and other favours of our kind correspondents.

We are much obliged to our friend in the West, for his "Anecdotist," which shall soon appear.

The elegant translation of the pathetic French Sonnet, of the 15th century, shall appear in our next.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

Queen of Naples